Grandpa's Barn.

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
And the cooing doves fly in and out,
And the air is sweet with the fragrant hay;

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor, and the hens are busily looking around. And the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there, And the breeze blows through with a merry

The swallows twitter and chirp all day.

With fluttering wings, in the old brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees which lean To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

O for the glad vacation time,
When grandpa's barn will echo the shout
Of merry children, who romp and play
In the new-born freedom of school let out:

Euch searing of doves from their cosey nests

Such hunting for eggs in the lotts so mgn, Till the frightened hens, with a cackle shrill, From their hidden treasures are fain to fly. Oh, the dear old barn, so cool, so wide! Its doors will open again ere long
To the sumn er sunshine, the new-mown hay,
And the merry ring of vacation song.

For frolic and fun on a summer's day And e'en old Time, as the years slip by,

## Its memory never can steal away. MARY D. BRINS. HER RIVAL.

A Story of the Latin Quarter, Paris.

A young lady was sauntering along the Quat. by the side of the Seine, pausing at every one o the shelves of old books that lined the parapets, and now and then asking the price of some moth-eaten, battered volume is on the equally moth-eaten and battered proprietor, meditating over his pipe under the budding trees. She was very pretrily and very daintily dressed, but her face and carriage showed so much quiet resolution and self-reliance that the boldest idler of the Rouleyards would have been deterred from the shelves of old books that lined the parapets. the Boulevards would have been deterred from annoying her even in cynical Paris and on the very boundary of the Latin Quarter. She was deep in a quaint little copy of "La Bruyere," some sixty years old, which was offered at half a franc, when she heard a burst of light laughter not far from her ear, so strangely mingled of sweetness and a kind of haunting mockery that she involuntarily raised her eyes Approaching her were a young man and a girl, perhaps two or three years older than herself, and as near the perfection of physical beauty as it was possible for a woman to be, Miss de Forest acknowledged to herself with a strange pang. She had a profusion of pale chestnut hair, a skin of lilies and roses, large liquid eyes, a perfectly developed figure and an undulating grace of motion which did not belong to the streets of Paris. She was perfectly well dressed; but while Miss de Forest, in her own toilet, displayed the happy medium between chic and dignity characteristic of the demoiselle dit meilleur monde of whatever nationality, the girl who suddenly confronted her with an impertinent glance had more of the quality of chie than was strictly desirable. "She is not a lady," thought Miss de Forest; "a grisette, probably," and the jealous pang deepened, for the man accompanying this girl-the man who raised his hat without looking at her, while a faint color overspread his handsome features and clear skin-was the man of all others to Amy de Forest. She had loved Arthur Duncan for more than a year, had watched the ebb and flow of his genius, had encouraged him to new in his despondent hours, and shared with him the pleasure of his successes. There had grown up between them a comradeship which on her side had ripened into something deeper, and on his had led to the thousand sub tle remarks of preference that may mean nothing or anything. And what in other men meant nothing seemed in Arthur Duncan to mean

that looked upon the gardens of the Luxem-bourge while the lamps sprung into light through the dusk; and when he went away, pleading an engagement in a friend's studio, he had lifted her hand to his lips in the darkness and called her his better angel. The girl bit her lips and opened the "La Bru-yere" again—the bitter, healthy draught of the old wit's cynicism acted upon her as a tonic and kept back the starting tears. The lives of her men friends outside of her mother's drawingroom did not concern her, she thought, but it was hard that Arthur, with his talk of aspira-tion towards an ideal and the elevation of art above sordid realism, should find his inspiration in the soul of a grisettee. And yet she could not blame him; the girl was beautiful—like a white rounded water-lilly with dewy petals. Perhaps if she, herself, were a man —. She closed the book abruptly and paid the old bourniniste for it, and then turned up a long avenue that leads past the Pantheon to the gardens of the Luxembourg. She liked these gardens better than the stately allies of the Tuileries. There was more of the flavor of old Paris about them before the Second Empire—the Paris of De Mu set and Balzac. She liked the threadbare students with their books, the knots of sewing girls, the bourgeoise mothers and nurses, with the children playing around them; the old men, with red ribbons in the buttonholes of their

everything, so much so that Amy de Forest.

clever, self-possessed girl as she was, had come

to believe in the absolute predominance in the

scheme of her future life of this one figure.

Only yesterday evening they had sat long together in the embrasure of the wide window

rusty broadcloth coats. The spring wind swept down the avenues scented with flower odors from the market o St. Sulpice. Miss de Forest wandered on to where the great fountain stands half-dried. with the water shallow over the rockwork of its basin, and green, wet beards dripping about the Tritons and Neptunes, and ivy throwing its arms cut from the crevices of their shapes, and overhead new-leafing trees casting a tender twillight upon the outer place. light upon the quiet place. The voices of children came from the main avenue. Miss de For-est seated herself on the edge of the basin and looked into the shallow water, yellow with the dead leaves in its bed. The reflection of her own face came back to her framed in the sha-

dow boughs. There had been times when its bright blue eyes and delicate outlines had seemed to her to fill all the requirements of beauty, but now, darkened by the decaying leaves and with the memory of the splendid creatures she had just seen rising before her, it seemed quite impossible that any man could ever regard her as beau-

Pure physical beauty is the best worth having," she thought, with a little sigh. And then she thought many things that a girl might think under the circumstances, but that poets set down only in allegory-the world-old problem of the two women struggling for authority over the soul of the one man, as old as history and legend-Tannhauser bound in the chains of Venus while his chaste Elizabeth awaited his return. All men solve it for themselves, and all women in one way or another bide the issue

Miss de Forest fell to studying her daintily gloved little hands as they lay on her lap, and especially the place where last night Arthur Duncan's lips had rested. A shadow came be-tween herself and the sublight beyond the trees, and, glancing up, she saw before her the man she loved. She looked up at him with a smile slightly touched with the cyntoism learned from the small book to her lap,

"What charming weather, is it not? The air is full of spring sounds to-day. I have been walking a long distance," "Alone, Miss de Forest?" "Yes, why not? I much prefer walking alone

unless I have a very agreeable companion, and you know I am not a demoiselle francaise to be bound by les convenances." Were these two people, talking the smallest of small talk, the two who had parted the night

before with the look in their meeting eyes that makes speech useless? A shadow had come be-tween them—the shadow of a woman with limpid eyes and a shape like a pictured goddess. There was a moment's silence. A bird sang in the tree overhead, a leaf whirled down into the translucent water, the drops trickled from the green beard of the water god. "When will you come and see my picture, as

you promised?"
"Whenever mamma will go with me. You know I cannot go to your studio alone." There was a distant haughty ring in her voice that Arthur Duncan Bad never heard "I am going home," she said, rising. "I am tired-I have walked too far. Will you not come this evening?" "Thanks; I am sorry, but I have made an en-

gagement which I can scarcely break." "May I take you to your door? The streets are full of students and all kinds of people."
"Thanks; I have no fear. I do not think any

one will trouble me." Sitting that evening in the tender spring twilight among the flowers of the balcony high above the street, with a boy-artist on a low stool at her feet, looking up in a sort of adoration at the cloud of golden hair that was like a halo above her white gown. Amy de Forest asked her young page if he had seen Arthur Duncan of late.

one sees much of him now. He's en gaged, the fellows say, in some sort of frightfu love affair with a Spanish giri who dances at the Builier. She posed for the picture he had just finished. The fellows say it's an awful clever thing-sure to get into the Salon next year. He calls it the Goddess of Morning. Yes, that was the name he had told her. So it was her rival she had met yesterday—a paid dancer at a students' ball! But, certainly, Ar thur Dunean's artistic instincts were not a fault, for the girl was an ideal incarnate o morning dew and rosy cloud and vaporous sun light. It gave her pleasure, despite her hum'l-iation, to realize the truth and poetry of his

"You have never been to the Bullier, of course, Miss de Forest. But a great many American girls do go—under vails, of course, and well protected. "I confess I have always wished to go. I've

no doubt, if I were a man, I should be a very dissipated one." "For a little while, perhaps," said the wise young man at her feet; "but you would soon get tired of it-it is so frightfully monotonous, even in Paris. But if Mrs. de Forest would go, a dezen of us would form a battalion of escort

"Does this girl dance there to night?"

"What is her name?" "Augustine. These waifs of Paris never have

any surname. "I should like to see her." The lamps were lighted, more artists came in, and the conversation turned on Artnur Duncan's picture, which those who had seen it pronounced worthy of Lefebvre himself.
"Mrs. de Forest," said the boy artist, Guy
Rainsford, "Miss de Forest has just confided to me an overwhelming desire to see the ball at Bullier. Won't you gratify her and come tonight? No one will recognize you under your vells, and here are eight strong men ready to protect you. We are all going. Think of all the good American folk—clergymen and deacons—who go to the Mabille, and certainly this s no worse

Mrs. de Forest demurred a little, but finally consented. She had peculiar theories of education which had perhaps given Amy the truthful healthy outlook upon life which she possessed in a remarkable degree for so young a woman. If she had none of the illusions that dwarf the mental vision of more romantic girls, she had pure and generous instincts, unbiased by fear or prejudice. What corruption could there be in a tawdry student's ball for a girl who had weighed the problems of life in her own mind and found the balance in favor of law

It was a noisy and motley scene they encountered-gaudy and common of necessitybut with some artistic quality in his fibre, born of the city and its people. Guy Rainsford felt Miss de Forest shrink as she clung to his arm. "What is the matter, Miss de Forest? Are you afraid?"

"No; only sorry—only sorry for these poor people. I don't think I have a taste for dissipation, after all, Mr. Rainsford." "I thought the sight of a little would cure you. If women in general could see something of life they would soon lose that morbid admiration for fastness which troubles many of them. Ah, there is Augustine dancing; she is

The party forced its way through the crowd to within a few feet of its edge. In the space left for the dancers stood a shapely girl, with her fair chemula have and about her head have parted a result of the space. about her head, her perfect arms and shoulders bared and adorned with the sequins of the Palais Royal, a scarlet bodice and a short skirt of yellow satin flounced with black lace. There was a touch of paint on her lashes, an artificial depth of color on her lovely cheek. The castanets rattled as she curved her arms above her head and twinkled her light feet, swaying her little body to and fro, till, with her large, pale head she looked like round lily-cup swaying on the water's surface, to which Miss de Forest had that morning compared her. In the front of the crowd stood Arthur Duncan, towering head and shoulders above his neighbors, his handsome face aglow, his eyes brilliant with excitement and eagerly following every curve of the dancer's motion.

"He has forgotten that I exist;" thought Amy de Forest, bitterly, and she trembled from head to foot. "Take me home, Mr. Rainsford. Speak to mamma please-the air here is stifling. I am sorry to take you away, but I do not feel able to Guy Rainsford took Mrs. de Forest and her

daughter home and then returned to the hall. One of the other men told him that Arthur Duncan looked strangely troubled when he was informed that Miss de Forest had gone away ill with the atmosphere of the place. When the dance was over Arthur stole away to the door of the dancer's dressing room and waited to take her home to her rooms, high up in one of the old houses frowned upon by the Sorbonne. The exercise and the applause of the crowd had heightened her beauty and made her absolutely dazzling in her radiant health and youth. Arthur, looking upon her as she sat over her supper, drinking the red wine, mixing her salad with the hearty abandon of the peasant nature she had brought from the Pyrennees, felt strangely the pathos of the stern necessity which could cast this perfect creature, this type of the world's youth ing under the iron wheels of the great Parisian death-cart. The chimes of the Sorbonne struck the four quarters, soft, sweet, little voices. In all his after life wherever he found a guitar his hand instinctively struck the four sweet, small notes, and before him rose a vision of a woman enveloped in floating fair hair, with white robes loose about her shoulders, and large eyes just touched with slumber like the great pale morn-

ing star. Miss de Forrest visited his studio the following day. Her eyes were heavy, and dark shadows played about them. She too had heard the Sorbonne chimes strike the hour. A strange fascination led her to wish to see the pictured face that had done her so much of harm. When she saw the vaperous, buoyant shape, with its rounded outlines defined by the floating drapery, the long fair hair curving among the clouds, the lovely, sensuous face softened to the evanescence and dewiness of a dream, she knew that she could never hope to rival with this wonderful creature. She congratulated Mr. Duncan cordiany on the success of his work, and went home with a breaking heart. When Mr. Duncan, that evening took his way to Augustine's rooms, he found her gone. She had moved away that morning, the con-cierge said, taking everything with her. On the bare table at which she had sat at supper the night before, he found a note addressed to himself, and written in that half-French, half-Spanish idiom which had been so effective

e ming from her full red lips, and was no less so mis-spelt on paper. Mon Ami: Your picture is finished. You have no further need of me. I am tired of the Quarter, the artists, the dancing, the bad cooking. I have moved across the Seine into a higher sphere, mon cher. Do not try to fol-low me; it would be useless. I do not care a sou for you. I have deceived you a thousand times, as you have that pawere petito demoiselle we met yesterday. I asked you if she were your flancee, you said No; but last night I saw her at the Bullier. Under her vail the great tears were in her eyes. She loves you, mi amgio. I can read faces. Marry her. make her happy. You will never do it while I remain near you, for I have five times her power over you; c'est pour ca que je m'en role!" He read and re-read the letter, folded it and put it in his pocket, gave one last glance about the room. When the chimes struck the quar-ter-hour, he started as from a dream, and went down-stairs out into the night. He strolled along the quay, looked down into the rushing water that seemed to bear the burdens of weary hearts down to their resting-piace in the sea. A great star hung over Noure Dame, lambent and steady. Which was it like, Augustine or Amy-poor little Amy who had watched and waited for him, all unconscious of Augustine's existence? That chapter of his life was closed. He wondered whether it was love he had felt for Augustine, or the sensuous admiration of the artistic temperament. She had been to him his goddess of morning, and every fibre of his soul had been filled with the divine impulse of creation—she was his pic-ture, his life, himself. And yet it was always of Amy that he had thought while he worked, always her voice that sounded in his ear, spurring him on to effort and success. He passed her house and saw a gleam of white in the moonlight among the flowers of her balcony. He would go in and tell her all. He found her alone, sitting on a low chair among the pansies and heliotrope, and early

roses. They talked upon indifferent subjects, more and more remote from the one nearest their hearts. At length Arthur said, "I heard you were at the Builier last evening, Miss de "Yes. Mr. Rainsford persuaded mamma to go. I was eager to see the original of your picture. She is certainly very beautiful. It was the same person I saw you with yesterday

morning, I think." "Yes; she has left the Quarter and gone no one knows whither. She-Amy, will you put an end to all my doubts and falterings? Will you let me tell you that I love you? Will you be my wife as you have always been my better

"I had fancied, indeed I had been told, that you were very much in love with your model. You can scarcely love two women at once." "She has gone forever."

"And I am the second choice. Thanks!" "Amy, I never loved her-it was simply that she was the ideal of my picture, and the two were so at one in my mind that I could not separate them. You yourself are artist enough to understand that. And I had no means of knowing that you loved me. Only Augustine herself revealed it to me:" And then he read her those portions of the dancer's note that concerned herself. Amy pondered long over it. She did not be-

lieve the dancer's words that she did not care for Arthur, that s he was tired of the Quarter, She had seen those lovely eyes fill with light when they fell upon him in the dance-rhythm. And afterward she heard in some careless studio-talk, that "the Spanish girl had been mad about Duncan." It was strange to her to think that the white flower of self-sacrifice could bud and bloom in the soul of a paid dancer at a student's ball. She forgave him, for she loved him; and the shadow of the Spanish dancer passed out from

their lives. A year passed. Arthur's picture had been hung on the line in the Salon, and he had, oftener than his wife knew, sauntered by, wondering if the Spanish girl would not hear of its being there and come to look at her own beauty. She had never been heard of in the Quarter since she left it. More than one offe had been made for the "Goddess of Morning. but Amy would not let it go—it had been he wedding gift from her husband. Spring had come again. The Luxembourg

gardens were filled as before with gay crowds—
the streets of Paris were beautiful with
flowers. One morning a man in an official
dress brought a folded paper to Arthur as he worked in his studio. On it was written: "A Spanish woman, very ill in the hospital, begs to see M. le peintre Duncan. Will monsieur have the complaisance to come to the poor soul?" He wrote a note to his wife, telling her of the circumstance, and went across Paris with the messenger, stopping only a moment for a few white water-lilles that a boy thrust into his hand in the market. They showed him into a ward where women lay ill of consumption in all its stages, and in a cot near the window, where the spring sunlight streamed over her, he found Augustine—still lovely with the loveliness of approaching spirithood, but no longer the joyous goddess

"Yes; three times a week, and dances di-inely." of morning; only a pale, fragile, large-eyed wo-man, whose life was almost ended.

"I knew you would come—you were always good. I wanted to see you before I died. I loved you when I left you, mon ami. I would have died for you; but your love was not for me—a model—a paid dancer. "I was wild with dissipation after I left the Quarter. I tried hard to kill myself and I have succeeded. With my first sign of illness came desertion and pov-erty. The day I was brought here I had gone to see your picture, and I fell down before it."
He had laid the water-lilies within reach of her thin fingers; she took them up and caressed the fleshy leaves.

"They are like those I used to gather in my

childhood in a little village among the mountains. I wish I had never come to Paris. But then I should never have met you. She is beautiful and good, your young wife, but she cannot love you as I did. Tiens! I am better. Perhaps I may live—my hair has not changed you used to kiss it once, kiss it now, only once-she will not care-she has had you for a whole year, and I have hungered and thirsted for one touch of your hand. There was a rustle of drapery in the path be tween the beds, and Amy stood suddenly by her husband's side in her black dress and her sweet young matronhood, with flowers, violets and heliotropes and pale roses in her hands. The sick woman raised herself.

'You here—his wife!" "It was you who gave him to me," said Amy in the soft low notes that the year's love had brought into her voice. "You were jealous of me once, madame." said the dancer. "You have no need to fear now." Amy laid the flowers in her hand. "You will

get well again, and you will leave Paris and live in the country among the flowers. "Among the flowers—yes, in my own country—up in the mountains where the littles grow in the streams. Oh, yes—I shall go back!" her eyes grew bright, her face radiant, for one instant she was again the Aurora of the Quarter. Suddenly she cried: "I am choking! Some water! My medicine!" and the life-stream rose to her lips.

Arthur Duncan caught her in his arms and Amy knelt by the poor bed. The fast dulling eyes met Arthur's. He touched her hair with his lips. The beautiful head fell back on his arms, the beautiful shoulders that had once snone above the scarlet bodice in the dancemeasure were clothed with a scarlet that scorched the white lilies on her breast, even as Parks had blighted the pure white lily of her

The Prose Side of Ober-Ammergat 1 Albert Wolff, the well known writer of the

Parts Figaro, was sent by that enterprising journal to report the performance of the mys-tery-play at Ober-Ammergau. While doing so, he treat his subject in a very amusing vein. In beginning his letters he takes his readers into his confidence and tells them that, although the mysteries are founded upon the Bible, the per-formance is in a theater, and actors, not saints, are before the audience. It is merely a question of art and literature; and just as Bouguereau cannot claim immunity from criticism for his "Flagellation of Christ," so the journalists cannot consider such performances sacred, because the subject is taken from Holy Writ.
Starting from this point, Mr. Wolff describes how, after a long telegraphic correspondence with Caiaphas, he made arrangements to lodge with that dignitary. It seems that, in his early days, Calaphas had played the part of Saint John, and still earlier, suspended by a chord, he used to perform the part of the angel which appeared to Jesus upon the Mount of Olives. Calaphas had just repainted his house, and upon the arrival of his visitor was engaged in an in-teresting conversation with Judas, who, being a carpenter, carried a saw under his arm. Soon the worthy pair were joined by Herod, carrying a paint-pot in his hand and a ladder on his as a Christ of the North and not of the East-a Christ such as Albrecht Dürer loved to paint. Saint John, a young, fair-haired tailor, and Pilate, an innkeeper, joined the party, and a serious discussion ensued, in which Jesus, assuming studied attitudes, discoursed upon the allotment of seats to visitors at the coming performance. The French critic found that the rustic speech of Judas and Herod was much more to his taste than the more pretentious sentences

Here is the way in which Mr. Wolff, by a little adroit flattery, gained an entrance into the theater before the representation: At the moment when I was about to leave in despair, a door opened and a peasant came out. He was one of those peasants with "art:stic" heads; his skin was brown and sunburnt; his beard stiff and red; his long hair fell upon his shoulders; under his blue apron he tried in vain to conceal something from me; the form of the

object showed me that it was a helmet. You play in this drama?" I asked. "Yes."
"And what part do you take?" "It is I who scourge Christ," said he.

"That does not prevent you looking like a good fellow," I replied, "and as such I hope that

you will allow me to see the theater for a mo-An apostle would have refused. But the mer cenary was kind enough to let me in when I told him that I was housed with Caiaphas. The "mercenary who had to scourge Christ" was chaperoning Wolff with a very good grace when a heavy cart horse was ridden on to the stage by the captain of the Roman soldiery, who had taken the opportunity to rehearse his part in the play. Thereupon the "mercenary" was obliged to leave to attend to his duties, but before doing so he handed the contributor of the Figure over to Joseph of Arimathea, who was whiling away his leisure hours by watching the rehearsal.

In spice of all the interest which the play i said to create the close of the first act was we comed with a joyous ebullition of delight caused partly by weariness and partly by hun ger. Long before Calaphas, who as Burgomaster of the village had to announce the recess. made his welcome statement the English visit ors were munching cakes and the local part of the audience was feeding on enormous saus 1ges and goats' milk cheeses, which they had brought with them. The actors, who had been playing for three and a half hours, were dying of hunger; the school child-ren who took part either in the pro-cession or the tableaux were crying for soup, bread and butter, and the voices of the chorus of spirits were considerably weakened by the pangs of hunger. Scarcely was the announcement of an "nour for refreshments" made when the whole audience and actors rushed for the different exists. The refreshment places in the neighborhood were taken by assault. Euormous masses of sausages disappeared like melting snow. The glasses of beer which were swallowed were as innumerable as the sands upon the seashore. Jesus and his disciples, Herod, Pilate, Annas, Calaphas, the people of Jerusalem, the Roman soldiers, the victims and the butchers, all rushed in confusion for their dinners. In the inns they ate everywhere, at the table d'hôte, in the passages and in the kitchen, each seizing whatever came to his hand. The youth of Jerusalem did not take time to lay aside its costumes, but rushed frantically through the streets, so that it was no unusual sight to see an angel of one of the tableaux vivants rolling in the dust, where some gruff Englishman, against whom the cherub had caremed, had pushed him. Judas Iscariot seems to have been the low comedian of the performance. The members of the council, with whom he contracts to betray

Jesus, were very stingy, and it was only after a great deal of bargaining that an arrangement was come to. Judas showed his empty purse and insisted that he could not come down a penny. At last the sum was agreed upon and Judas, fearing that the council would play off false money on him, brought down the house by biting each coin as he received it. Afterwards, when smitten by remorse for his treachery he determines to hang himself, it was done in such a comic way that every one burst out laughing. The realism of this scene seems to have been remarkable and would have delighted Zola. The tree was a real one growing through the stage, and the branch to which he first fastens the rope was previously sawn through so that it broke with his weight. But even with this effect the scene was anything but solemn. Barrabas was also an amusing actor. When he was released and Jesus condemned to death, he ran off with such a quick and comical gait that the merriment became general. It may be added that Barrabas's wife, who lets lodgings in the village, has not seen the play since 1860, because her nerves could not stand the shock of

seeing her husband in his part. When Saint Peter denied his master, a rooster behind the scenes set up a most vigorous cocka-doodle-doo, in which every rooster in the village joined, so that the subsequent answers of Peter and the crowing of the legitimate cock were drowned in the noise of the birds and the shricks of laughter of the audience. On the whole, Mr. Wolff seems to have witnessed as amusing a performance as if he had been at the Palais Royal. He acknowledges also to have found himself in unusally good company. He had Caiaphas for his host, an ex-Virgin Mary for hostess, Martha to wait upon him and Herod—la creme des bons enfants—to run to the post office with the manuscript of

the Figuro's contributions.

THE LONGEST DAYS .- June twenty-first and twenty-second are the longest days of the year. In other words, we have reached the summer solstice. At about 8:30 o'clock Monday evening the sun entered the sign of the Crab, and th astronomical summer began. The sun then at tains the utmost limit of its journey into th northern sky, and from this time it will run little lower every day until in September it one more crosses the equator, and throws its ligh more crosses the equator, and throws its light over the southern pole, which is now buried in endless night. The north pole, on the contrary. With all the space within the Arctic circle, now enjoys continuous daylight, the sun appearing to describe every 24 hours a path in the sky that never takes it below the horizon. The greatest heat of summer, it would seem, should be felt now, but in reality the greatest heat comes about a month later. The explanation of this is analogous to that of the acceleration of months. is analogous to that of the acceleration of mo-tion in a falling body. As long as the sun con-tinues to give more heat by day than is lost by night the quantity of heat increases. The sun does give more heat than is lost in this latitude for several weeks after the summer solstice, and so we get the maximum temperature of the season in July or August, when the sun is in the sign of the Lion.

HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

THE SHARES of the Burlington County Agricultural Society of New Jersey are selling at a high premium. This shows how valuable the stock of a well-managed agricultural society will become, and how worthless when not so

Fowls in Confinement need green food daily. There is nothing which goes so far, is so easily raised, or that they like so well as the tops of the Swiss chard beet. All poultrymen who try the foregoing will set me down as a benefactor for giving this bit of information. The same stuff makes most excellent greens for table

ANGEL CARE.-Take one cup of flour, put into t two teaspoonfuls of sea foam, sift the whole four times; beat the whites of 11 eggs to a stiff froth, and then beat in one and one half cups of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla, pour the whole on the flour, and beat lightly but thoroughly; bake in ungreased pan slowly 40 min-utes; when done, turn over to cool; never cut it out of pan while warm.-Graduate, THE PARIS Figaro says:-Do not waste your orange peel, but make an incision round it mid-

way, and remove carefully in two halves. Take the two cups and place them hollow downward. one on the grass and the other among the plants or vegetables. At the end of a few days you will be rid of all slugs, black or gray. Every morning you will find that they have taken refuge under the cups of orance peel, and can be destroyed. NUT CARE. -One-half cupful butter, one and

a half cupfuls sugar, three eggs, two and a half cupfuls flour, one and a half teaspoonful Royal Baking Powder, one half cup milk, one cuotul of any meats of nuts preferred or at hand. Rub the butter and sugar to a light white cream add the eggs, beaten a little, then the dursifted with the powder; mix with the milk and nuts into a rather firm batter, and bake in a paper-lined tin in a steady oven thirty-five minutes. CLAN SOUP .- Fifty clams, carefully washed.

the soft part cut out and put aside, the rest chopped very fine; a quart of milk; when it comes to the full boil, put all the clams in; let it stay on the front of the stove until it boils again, then put aside to boil slowly for 20 minutes longer, seasoning it with a piece of leek chopped fine, a saltspoonful of white pepper, a teaspoonful of salt. Just before serving, add a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour, creamed together for thickening.

THE Maine Farmer says that the value of roots for stock is not appreciated to the extent that it should be. In the rotation of crops in England turnips rank high and it is not uncommon for a farmer to devote from twenty to fifty acres to this crop. Cattle are kept there in fine condition in winter on straw and turnips, and the latter also make excellent food for sheep. On rich land the crop produces very largely and a comparatively small space is sufficient for or-

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Record says that he bought, in April, 1878, five guineahens and one male, and fed them on cracked corn until the latter part of May, when they commenced to lay, and did not stop before they produced 300 eggs. They then wanted to set, and fifty young lowls were hatched. The correspondent says that they cost nothing to beep until snow covers the ground, as they grow fat on the insects and other food they pick up, and

completely rid the premises of destructive pest. THE CURRANT WORM can be got rid of speedily by sprinkling over the bushes a solution of carbolic acid, say two teaspoonsful to three or four gallons of water. The carbolic acid can be had at some of the grocery stores, but at all the drug stores, and should be kept on hand for use when needed. It will dislodge the same insect shoulder, and by Jesus himself, who is described from gooseberry bushes, as well as the bugs from rose bushes.

PROF. KEDZLE, of the Agricultural College of Michigan, an expert chemist, recently said that a paint or wash made of skim milk, thoroughly skimmed, and water brine will render wood uninflamable, and he proved it by experiment. He said this paint, or whitewash, is durable, very cheap, impervious to water, of agreeable color and as it will prevent wood from taking fire, he urged its use, particularly on roofs, old buildings, barns, etc.

A good and wholesome harvest drink is prepared by mixing oat-meal in water, in the pro-portion of three or four ounces of the meal to a gallon of water. Oat meal possesses a peculiar aroma and acts as a stimulant, and is strengthening to the system. Water alone often induces additional perspiration, passing through the pores as through a colander. Very cold water should not be drank except very moderately when the body is very warm.

THE Charleston News says that in South Carolina farming is being done more extensively, more industriously and more intelligently than ever before known by the oldest inhabitants. Men are working with all their might, and with cheerfulness, thereby raising agriculture from the previous status of an isolated and plodding calling to that of a live, hopeful business, in which an enlightened and economical consideration is given to surroundings and their bear-

FOOD FOR THE SICK .- Frequently we find sick people whose stomachs reject all kinds of nourishment until conditions follow that in many instances terminate fatally. In twenty in-stances in which I have heard the popular sickbed nourishment prescribed and rejected by an invalid's enteebled stomach, I have never known the simple saucer of parched corn pudding or gruel refused. The corn is roasted brown, precisely as we roast coffee, ground as fine as meal in a coffee-mill, and made either into mush, gruel, or thin cakes baked lightly brown, and given either warm or cold, clear, or with what-ever dressing the stomach will receive or retain. Parched corn and meal boiled in skimmed milk and fed frequently to children suffering from summer diarrhœa, will almost always cure, as it will dysentary in adults, and, we believe, the cnolera in its earliest stages. - [ W.

PRESERVATIVE WRAPPING-PAPERS.-Two new preservative wrapping-papers have been re-cently brought out, one designed for fruit and one for furs, cloths, etc. The first is made by dipping a soft tissue-paper in a bath of salvellic acid and hanging it in the air to dry. The bath should be made from a strong alcoholic solution of salycilic acid, diluted with as much water as it will bear without precipitation. The apples, oranges, or other fruit may be wrapped in the paper before packing, and when the fruit reaches its market the paper can be removed and used again. A manilla wrapping-paper may be prepared for resisting moths and mildew by dipping it in a prepared bath, squeezing it by dipping it in a prepared bath, squeezing is and drying it over hot rollers. This bath is made by mixing 70 parts of the oil removed by the distillation of coal tar naphtha, 5 parts of crude carbolic acid containing at least 50 per cent of phenola, 20 parts of thin coal tar at 160 deg. Fahr., and 5 parts of refined petroleum. LABOUCHERE'S PRIZE SALAD.—From 6 or 8 coss (or cabbage) lettuces remove outer and coarse

leaves and strip from remaining ones the good part. The pieces should be 2½ to 3 inches long and may be broken up, but not cut; then wash them and let them remain about half an hour in water. in water. Rinse in second water, place in napkin and swing till dry. For dressing, take the yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs, crush them to paste in bowl, adding ½ tablespoonful French vinegar, 3 mustard-spoons mustard, 1 salt-spoon salt and beat up well together; then add, by degrees, 6 to 8 tablespoons of Luca or Provence oil, 1 of vinegar, and when thoroughly mixed, a little tarragon finely chopped, a dessert-spoon coarse white pepper, as pepper in powder irritates the palate. When all is well mixed place the salad in it and turn over and over, thoroughly and patiently, till there remains not one drop of liquid at bottom of bowl. Put the white of the egg in slices on the top and serve shortly after it is mixed.

A RECENT TRAVELER in Japan says, "They do know how to cook rice here, though, and for the benefit of grocers and consumers in the United States I investigated the matter. Only just enough cold water is poured on to prevent the rice from burning to the pot, which has a close-fitting cover and is set on a moderate fire. The rice is steamed, rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover of the pot is taken s steam and moisture are allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snowwhite kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the soggy mass we usually get in the United States as a fine mealy potato is to the water-soaked article. I have seen something approaching this in our southern states, but I do not think even there they do it as skilfully as it is done nere, and in the northern states but very few persons understand how to cook rice properly. I am sure that if cooked as it is here the consumption of this wholesome and delicious cereal would largely increase in

America." HINTS FOR CHICKEN GROWERS.-Mr. Reed Meyer, of this city, is a noted chicken expert. As a source of amusement he has for years been propagating a very superior breed of game ban-tams. He has given many of these away t friends, but never sold any, and we believ never exhibited them at any poultry show. His fowls are generally perfectly healthy an free from vermin and other annoyances tha nearly all chickens are liable to in warm weather. He protects them by making a groov along the roosting-poles and filling it with lar along the roosting-poles and filling it with lar and sulphur in equal parts. Fowls thus affecte should have a little of the preparation put o the wings where they join the body and on th rump and neck, which will have the desire effect. These parasite do not breed on the chicken, but crawl up upon it while roosting and remain there until the approach of colweather, if no means are taken to remove them. They dislike strong odors, and consequently a little petroleum occasionally put here and there on the inside of the chicken-houses will usually completely drive all vermin away.—Germancompletely drive all vermin away. - German town Telegraph.

THE CUSTOM of putting large strawberries at the top of the basket and the smaller and poor ones below seems not to be of purely American invention, being mentioned by Queen Elizabeth, who said of her ministers: "When first chosen by me all goes well, for they do put forth their best virtues like the large strawberries in mar-ket baskets; but by and by small vices and faults appear in them like the little fruits hid-den beneath the big." CONGRESSMEN AND THEIR P. O. ADDRESS.

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Bailey, James E., Clarksville, Tennessee.
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Bright, John M., Fayetteville, Tennessee.
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Caswell, Lucieu B., Fort Atkinson, Wis.
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Chittenden, Simeon B., Brooklyn, New York.
Clarid, William., Newtonville, Massachusetts.
Clark, Alvah A., Somerville, New Jorsey. Clark, Alvah A , Somerville, New Jersey. Clark, John B., jr., Fayette. Missouri. Clymer, Hiester, Reading, Pennsylvania.
Cobb. Thomas R. Vincennes, Indiana.
Coffroth, Alexander H., Somerset, Pa.
Colerick, Walpole G., Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Conger, Omar D., Port Huron, Michigan.
Converse Conve Converse, George L., Columbus, Ohio. Cook, Philip, Americus, Georgia.
Cook, Philip, Americus, Georgia.
Covert, James W., Flushing, New York.
Cowgill, Calvin, Wabash, Indiana.
Cox, Samuel S., New York, New York.
Crapo, William W., New Bedford, Mass.
Cravens, Jordan E., Clarksville, Arkansas.
Cravelsy, Pichard Locknort, New York

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Hiscock, Frank, Syracuse, New York. Hooker, Charles E., Jackson, Mississippl. Horr, Roswell G., East Saginaw, Michigan. Hostetler, Abraham J., Bedford, Indiana. Houk, L. C., Knoxville, Tennessee. House, John F., Clarksville, Tennessee. Hubbell, Jay A., Houghton, Michigan. Hull, Noble A., Sanford, Florida. Humphrey, Herman L., Hudson, Wisconsin. Humphrey, Herman L., Hudson, Wisconsin.
Hunton Eppa, Warrenton, Virginia.
Hurd, Frank H., Toledo, Ohio.
Hutchins, Waldo, New York City.
James, Amaziah B., Ogdensburg, New York,
Johnston, Joseph E., Richmond, Virginia,
Jones, G. W., Bastrop, Texas.
Jorgensen, Joseph, Petersburg, Virginia.
Joyce, Charles H., Rutland, Vermont.
Keifer J. Warren, Springfield, Ohio.
Kelley, William D., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Kenna, John E., Kanawha C. H., W. Virginia.
Ketcham. John H., Dover Plains, New York.

Kenna, John E., Kanawha C. H., W. Virginia. Ketcham, John H., Dover Plains, New York. Killinger, John W., Lebancn, Pennsylvania. Kimmel, William, Baltimore, Maryland. King, J. Floyd, Vidalia, Louisiana. Kitchin, W. H., Scotland Neck, North Carolina. Kitchin, W. H., Scotland Neck, North Carolina. Klotz, Hobert, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania. Knott, J. Proctor, Lebanon, Kentucky. Ladd, George W., Bangor, Maine. Lapham, Elbridge G., Canandaigua, New York. Le Fevre, Benjamin, Sidney, Ohio. Lewis, Burwell B., Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Lindsey, Stephen D., Norridgewock, Maine, Loring, George B., Salem, Massachusetts. Lounsbery, William, Kingston, New York. Lowe, William M., Huntsville, Alabama. Manning, Van H., Holly Springs, Mississippi. Marsh, Benjamin F., Warsaw, Illinois. Martin, Benjamin F., Pruntytown, West Va. Martin, Edward L., Seaford, Delaware. Martin, Joseph J., Williamston, North Carolina. Mason, Joseph, Hamilton, New York, McCoid, Moses A., Fairfield, Iowa.

McCook, Anson G., New York, New York. McGowan, Jonas H., Coldwater, Michigan. McKenzie, James A., Longview, Kentucky. McKinley, William, jr., Canton, Ohio. McLane, Robert M., Baltimore, Maryland. McManon, John A., Dayton, Ohio. McMillin, Benton, Carthage, Tennessee. Miles, Frederick, Chapinville, Connecticut. Miller, Warner, Herkimer, New York. Mills, Roger Q., Corstcana, Texas.
Mitchell, John I., Wellsboro', Pennsylvanta.
Money, Hernando D., Winona, Mississippi. Monroe, James, Oberlin, Ohio. Morrison, Wm. R., Waterloo, Illinois. Morse, Leopold, Boston, Massachusetts. Morton, Levi P., New York, New York, Muldrow, H. L., Starkville, Mississippi. Muller, Nicholas, New York, New York. Murch, Thompson H., Rockland, Maine. Myers, William R., Anderson, Indiana. Neal, Henry S., Ironton, Ohio, New, Jeptha D., Vernon, Indiana. Newberry, John S., Detroit, Micnigan. Nichells, John C., Blackshear, Georgia. Norcross, Amasa, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, O Brien, James, New York, New York, O'Connor, M. P., Charleston, South Carolina. O'Neill, Charles, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. O'Reilly, Daniel, Brooklyn, New York. Orth, Godlove S., La Fayette, Indiana. Osmer, J. H., Franklin, Pennsylvania. Overton, Edward, jr., Towanda, Pennsylvania, Pacheco, R., San Luis Obispo, California. Page, Horace F., Placerville, California. Persons, Henry, Talbotton, Georgia. Phelps, James, Essex. Connecticut. Philips, John F., Sedalla, Missour!. Phister, Elija C., Maysville, Kentucky. Pierce, Ray V., Buffalo, New York. Poehler, Henry, Henderson, Minnesota Pound, Thaddeus C., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. Prescott, Cyrus D., Rome, New York. Price, Hiram, Davenport, Iowa Reagan, John H., Palestine, Texas. Reed, Thomas B., Portland, Maine. Rice, William W., Worcester, Massachusetts. Richardson, David P., Angelica, New York. Richardson, John S., Sumpter, South Carolina. Richmond, James B., Estiliville, Virginia. Robertson, E. W., Baton Rouge, Louislana. Robeson, George M., Camden, New Jersey. Robinson, George D., Chicopee, Massachusetts. Ross, Miles, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Rothwell, Gideon F., Moberly, Missourl. Russell, Daniel L., Wilmington, North Carolina. Russell, William A., Lawrence, Massachusetts. Ryan, Thomas, Topeka, Kansas, Ryon, John W., Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Samford, William J., Opelika, Alabama. Sapp, William F., Council Bluffs, Iowa. Sawyer, Samuel L., Independence, Missouri. Scales, Alfred M., Greensboro', North Carolina. Shallenberger, Wm. S., Rochester, Pa. Shelley, Charles M., Selma, Alabama. Sherwin, John C., Aurora, Illinois. Simonton, Charles B., Covington, Tennessee. Singleton, James W., Quincy, Illinois. Singleton, O. R., Canton, Mississippi. Slemons, William F., Monticello, Arkansas. Smith, A. Herr, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Smith, Hezekiah B., Smithville, New Jersey. Staith, William E., Albany, Georgia. Sparks, William A. J., Carlyle, Illinois. Speer, Emory, Athens, Georgia. Springer, William M., Springfield, Illinois. Starin, John H., Fultonville, New York. Steele, Walter L., Rockingham, North Carolina. Stephens, Alexander H., Crawfordville, Georgia, Stevenson, Adlai E., Bloomington, Illinois. Stone, John W., Grand Hapids, Michigan. Talbott, J. Frederick C., Towsontown, Maryland. Taylor, R. L., Carter's Depot, Tennessee. Thomas, John R., Metropolis, Illinois, Thompson, Philip B., jr., Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Thompson, Wm. G., Marion, Iowa. Tillman, George D., Clark's Hill, South Carolina. Townsend, Amos, Cleveland, Ohio. Townshend, Richard W., Shawneetown, Illinois. Tucker, John R., Lexington, Virginia, Turner, Oscar, Oscar P. O., Kentucky. Turner Thomas, Mount Sterling, Kentucky. Tyler, James M. Brattleboro', Vermont. Updegraff, J. T., Mount Pleasant, Onio. Updegraff, Thomas, McGregor, Iowa. Upson, C., San Antonio, Texas. Urner, Milton G., Frederick City, Maryland.

Valentine, Edward K., West Point, Nebraska. Van Aernam, Henry, Franklinville, New York. Vance, Robert B., Asheville, North Carolina. Voorhis, Charles H., Hackensack, New Jersey. Van Voorhis, John, Rochester, New York. Waddill, James R., Springfield, Missourl. Wait, John T., Norwich, Connecticut. Ward, William, Chester, Pennsylvania. Warner, A. J., Marietta, Ohio.
Washburn, W. D., Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Weaver, James B., Bloomfield, Iowa.
Wellborn, Olin, Dallas, Texas. Wells, Erastus, Saint Louis, Missouri. White, Harry, Indiana, Pennsylvania. White, Harry, Indiana, Pennsylvania,
Whiteaker, John, Eugene City, Oregon.
Whitthorne, W. C., Columbia, Tennessee.
Wilber, David, Milford, New York.
Williams, Charles G., Jamesville, Wisconsin.
Williams, Thomas, Wetumpka, Alabama.
Willis, Albert S., Louisville, Kentucky. Willits, Edwin, Monroe, Michigan. Willson, Benjamin, Wilsonburg, West Virginia.
Wilson, Benjamin, Wilsonburg, West Virginia.
Wise, Morgan R., Waynesburgh, Pennsylvania.
Wood, Fernando, New York, New York.
Wood, Walter A., Hoosick Falls, New York.
Wright, Hendrick B., Wilkesbarre, Penn'a.
Yocum, Seth H., Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.
Young, Casey, Memphis, Toppnessed. Young, Casey, Memphis, Tennessee. Young, Thomas L., Cincinnati, Ohio. DELEGATES Ainslie, George, Idaho City, Idaho. Bennett, Granville G., Yankton, Dakota, Brents, Thomas H., Walla Walla, Washington.

Cannon, George Q., Salt Lake City, Utah. Campbell, J. G., Prescott, Arizona. Downey, S. W., Laramie City, Wyoming. Maginnis, Martin, Helena, Montana. O ero, Mariano S., Bernalillo, New Mexico. THE FAMOUS SHOR-WAE-CAE METTES DISBAND-ING .- The Shoes returned home last Friday ir in their New Orleans trip. There was no brass band or cannons mixed up with their return-in fact, the sporting community in Mon-roe cared as little about it as the politicians die about the return of the "dark horse" at Chicago. There is no doubt that the Shoes went to win, and meant to win, but they doubled the course too much to make a success of it. On interviewing the subordinate members of the crew they assert that bad steering and want of training were what did it, as was the case last summer at Saratoga. To get another man at the helm, was out of the question, so they held a kind of an impromptu meeting after the race and sold their boat on the spot to the St. John Rowing club for \$200, put the money in their pockets and started for home, vanquished by a crew that they can give ten seconds in any race from one and one-half to three miles. They blame no one for the loss of the race, but declare they will not pull together again this season. Stephen Duseau and W. H. Durell have bought themselves a double, and

will enter the list as double scullers,-Monroe (Mich...) Democrat. HE BLOWED into the old shot-gun With derision in his laugh— His obituary was a lovely thing:

It cost \$2.50. ELOPED FROM POLAND.-Mischelina Zyhenski. a young Polish woman, appeared before Justice Carr, at Jersey city, yesterday, and made a complaint of grand larceny against Antoine Alexsondran. She alleged that she was induced by Aloxsondran to elope with him from her parents' home in Poland. They arrived in this country a few days ago, and on Saturday, she asserts Alexsondran stole from her room nearly all her wearing apparel. She has not seen him since, and believes that he

has deserted her.--N. Y. Sun 24th. A TROTTER FALLING DEAD AFTER WINNING A RACE.-The noted trotter Lew Scott, who has trot ted over 100 heats in 2:30 or better, is no more. After winning the free for all at the Bradford, Pa, Driving Park, last Saturday, in three straight heats, he was, when near the stable, stricken down with paralysis of the heart, dying almost instantly. He won the last heat by several lengths in 2:28% and could have finished in 2:26. His owners, Wm. H. Crawford of Chicago and Charles Harvey of New Philadelphia, Ohio, were on the ground. They refused \$5,000 for him less than two months ago. Scott was 12 'years old, had been on the turf five years, and had a record of 2:23, made at Cincinnati in 1879. He will be buried where he fell, and a monument erected.

A CHILD SIX DAYS IN A SWAMP. - Christian Albert Wagner, the four-year-old boy who was lost at Avondale last Thursday, while with his mother on the excursion given by the Free Excursion Society, was yesterday found alive in a swamp about two miles from Avondale, up to his waist in mud, and very emaciated. He was at once placed under medical treatment and brought to this city, and last night hopes were entertained of his recovery. So far he cannot give any account of his wanderings and the mystery of how he succeeded in existing for such a length of time and exposed to such terrible privations.—Baltimore Sun, 24th.

A TAKE DOWN FOR SMUDGE .- Clergyman: "A charming landscape, sir?" Painter: "It's very kind of you to say so, I'm sure; I've done my best, but I'm afraid it's not half up to the thing itself." Clergyman: "What thing itself?" Painter: "Why, the original." Clergyman: "I was referring to the original."-Fun.

"TROUSERS under the skirt," remarks a fashion paper, "are universally worn by equestriennes." Well, yes; we should think that was the proper place to wear them. An equestrienne with trousers outside the skirt would be a spectacle sufficiently startling to attract considerable human attention, if indeed it would not scare the horse. And then to consider the amount of ingenuity required to get both 1-gs of them on over the same skirt.

the Cheating at croquet continues unabited. Men make the laws, women make the \*\*A girl at Wellesley college said to a Harvard graduate whom she was taking through the building, and who said that President Eliot, of Harvard, does not think much of ladies as professors: "Well President Eliot has got a parcel of old women as professors and Wellesley has a lot of young women as professors." An exchange refers to Conkling as one of the leaders of the republican party. He com-manded the left wing. \*\*An Illinois man found his runaway wife working, in male attire, in a Peoria tailor shop, where her Lex was unsuspected.

STEAMERS, &c.

Having been thoroughly overhauled and repaired in the most substantial magner, will resume her trips on Thursday, March 4, 1880. Leaves 6th-st. wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday at 7 a.m., as follows: On Tuesdays, for Colton's, Nomini and Prospect Mill. On Thursdays, for Mattox Creek and landings in Wicomico. On Sundays, for Mattox Creek, Colton's and landings in St. Clement's Bay. Making intermediate landings going and returning.

G. T. JONES, Agent, my31-3m

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DAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS, at 5:50 p. m. Leaves Norfolk alternate days at 4 p.m., stopping at Alexandria, Piney Point, Point Lookout and Fort Monroe, Va., soing and returning.

FOR POTOMAC RIVER LANDINGS.

Steamer JOHN W. THOMPSON, above wharf MONDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 7 a.m. STEAMERS FOR NEW YORK.

Steamships JOHN GIBSON and E. C. KNIGHT Pier 41, East River, N.Y., SATURDAYS, at 4 p.m. Georgetown at 1 p.m. MONDAYS.

Tickets, Staterooms, &c., so to General Office, under Nat. Met. Bank, opp. Treasury Department, ap 29

ALFRED WOOD, Sec'y.

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From foot of Seventh et.
Every
MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY, at 5:30, and
every SATURDAY, at
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RAILROADS.

THE GREAT
THE GREAT
TO THE NORTH, WEST AND SOUTHWEST.
Double Track, Steel Bails.
Splendid Scenery, Magnificent Equipment.
IN EFFECT, JUNE 14th, 1880.
TRAINS LEAVE WASHINGTON, from Depot.

IN EFFECT, JUNE 14th, 1880.

TRAINS LEAVE WASHINGTON, from Depot, corner of Sixth and B streets, as follows:

For Pittsburg and the West, 8:90 a.m., with Sleeping Cars to Louisville and Chicago; 10:40 a.m. daily, with Bleeping Cars from Harriburg to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago; 9:38 p. m. daily, with Palace Car to Pittsburg.

BALTIMORE AND POTOMAC RAILBOAD.

For Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo, Niasara with Parlor Car to Watkins and the North at 8:00 e.m. daily except Sunday; 9:30 .m. daily, except Saturday, with Palace Cars to Canandaigua and Watkins.

For Williamsport, Lock Haven and Elmira, at 10:40 a.m. daily, except Sunday.

For New York and the East, 8:90 a.m., 2:90 and 10:90 p.m. On Sunday, 10:90 p.m. Limited Express of Pullman Parlor Cars, 9:30 a.m. daily, except Sunday.

For Brooklym, N. Y., all through trains connect at Jersey City with boats of Brooklyn Annex, affording direct transfer to Fulton street, avoiding double ferriage across New York city.

For Philadelphia, 8:00 a.m., 2:00, 5:40 and 10:00 p. m. On Sunday, 5:40 and 10:00 p.m. Limited Express, 9:30 a m. daily, except Sunday.

For Baitimore, 6:40, 8:00, 9:30, 10:40 a.m., and 2:00, 4:20, 4:40, 5:40, 9:30 and 10:00 p.m. On Sunday, 8:00, 10:40 a.m., 5:40, 9:30 and 10:00 p.m.

For Pope's Creek Line, 6:40 a.m. and 4:40 p.m.,

For Fope's Creek Line, 6:40 a.m. and 4:40 p.m., for Annapolis, 6:40 s.m. and 4:40 p.m., daily, except Sunday.

cept Sunday.

ALEXANDRIA AND FREDERICKSBURG RAIL
WAY AND ALEXANDRIA AND WASHINGTON RAILBOAD.

For Alexandria, 7, 7:20, 9, 11 s. m., 4:20, 5:20, 6:25,
8 and 11:30 p.m. On Sunday at 7, 9 and 11 s.
m. and 8 p.m.

For Richmond and the South, 7 s. m. daily, and
5:20 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

Trains leave Alexandria for Washington, 6, 8, 10
a.m.; 12:50, 3, 5, 7 and 9:05 p.m., and 12 midnight. On Sunday at 8 and 10 a.m., 7 and 9:05
p.m.

p.m.
Tickets, information, sleeping and parlor car accommodations can be procured at the offices—northeast corner of 13th street and Pennsylvania avenue, northeast corner 6th and Pennsylvania avenue, and at the depot, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.

L. P. FARMER, General Passenger Accept L. P. FARMER, General Passenger Agent. FRANK THOMSON, General Manager. my26

BALTIMORE AND OHIO BAILBOAD. THE GREAT DOUBLE TRACK.

National Route and Short Line to the
North, Northwest, West,
and Southwest.

To take effect Sunday, May 23d, 1860, at 1:30 p.m.
LEAVE WASHINGTON.

5:06 a.m.—Baitimore, Ellicott City and Way Stations.

6:50 a.m.—†Baltimore Express.
6:50 a.m.—†Baltimore Express.
6:55 a.m.—Baltimore Annapolis and way. (Piedmont, Strasburg, Winchester, Hagerstown, Frederick and way, via Relay.)
8:10 a.m.—Point of Bocks and way stations.
8:35 a.m.—Staunton and Va. Springs Express.
9:00 a.m.—New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore Express. Parlor car to New York and Philadelphia.
9:00 a.m.—†On Sunday only—Baltimore, Annapotis and way. 9:10 a.m.—†St. Louis, Chicago, Columbus and Pittsburg Express. (Connects for Hagerstown and at Point of Rocks for Frederick and stations east of Piedmont, except Sunday.) Pullman car to Cir-cinnati and Louisville, daily; Grafton to Bandusky,

laily except Saturday.

10:00 a.m.—Baltimore Express. Stops at Bladensburg, College, Beltsville, Laurel, Annapolis Junction, Jessup's and Hanover.

12:10 p.m.—Baltimore, Annapolis, Ellicott City and Way.

1:26 p.m.—†Baltimore and Level France. 1:35 p.m.—†Baltimore and Laurel Express.
1:40 p.m.—‡On Sunday only, Laltimore and Way.
2:00 p.m.—New York, Philadelphia and Boston

Express.

8:30 p.m.—Baltimore and way stations. (Winchester, Frederick, Hagerstown and way, via Belay.)

4:30 p.m.—Baltimore, Bladensburg and Laurel
Express. Frederick, via Belay. Stops at Annapolis
Junction.

\*\*Bolay\*\* of Pocks Frederick Hamapolis\*\*

4:85 p.m.—†Point of Rocks, Frederick, Hagerstown, Winchester and Way Stations. On Sunday to Point of Rocks and Way Stations only.

4:40 p.m.—†Baltimore, Annapolis and Way Stations 4:40 p.m.—†Baltimore, Annapolis and Way Stations.
5:10 p.m.—†Chicago and Columbus Express.
Sleeping cars to Chicago daily.
5:45 p.m.—†Philadelphia and Baltimore Express.
Stops at Bladensburg and Laurel.
6:05 p.m.—Point of Bocks and Way Stations.
5:45 p.m.—†Baltimore and Way Stations.
7:80 p.m.—BALTIMORE AND LAUREL EXPRESS.
9:30 p.m.—†St. Louis Cincinnati, Chicago and Pittsburg Express. (Pittsburg, except Sunday.)
Sleeping cars to St. Louis and Pittsburg.
9:35 p.m.—†Baltimore, Bladensburg and Laurel.
Express.

9:35 p. m.—†Baltimore, Bladensburg and Laurel.
Express.

10:18 p. m.—†NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,
BOSTON AND BALTIMORE EXPRESS. Sleeping car to New York, and special sleeping car to Philadelphia.

†Dally. tBunday only. Other trains daily, except sunday.

All trains stop at Belay Station.

For further information apply at the Baltimors and Ohio Ticket Offices, Washington Station, and 108, 519 and Corner 14th and Pennsylvania avenue, where orders will be taken for Baggage to be encoked and received at any point in the city.

W. M. OLEMENTS, Master of Transportation.

L. M. OOLE, General Ticket Agent.

GEO. S. ECONTZ, General Agent.

C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent. 1217

DECOND HAND CLOTHING.